



Spill In Aisle 6



scary

grocery

murder

178 17 14

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

TJ thinks that working at a grocery store is a pretty basic job. But things will get a lot more complicated when he discovers a dead body in the staff room.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



TJ had been meandering through the aisles before closing time, and when he went to the staff room to get some water, he discovered a corpse laying next to the vending machine.

"Oh my god," TJ whispered.

There was no cuts on the body, so they hadn't been stabbed. But there was a pool of blood next to the victims head. Had it been a cruel accident? Or maybe he had knocked his head on the vending machine, and gotten a brain injury so terrible that they had died?

Or maybe someone else had killed the victim.

TJ shuddered. He had to tell someone.

"Don't move," a voice said, from the back corner of the room.

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Chapter 3 by Orave

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Freezing up, he froze and slowly turned around to face the voice. In the shadows, you could barely see, but there was a bundle of shadows that made a form of a rather tall man.

"Don't move, or else you'll be hurt." Came the voice again, but now that TJ saw that there was a large but sleek knife glinting in the shadows, light bouncing off of the blade. Nodding feebly, TJ glanced at the knife and the covered face.

"Good. Now give me your phone and car keys." Shakily, TJ reached into his pocket for his phone, and into his jacket pockets for his car keys. 'I have another phone.... in the backpack, I think? I'm so glad I got a backup phone...'

Placing the large phone into the demanding hand of the murderer, and the car keys (Which were old fashioned, so had none of the signal-stuff, but the murderer didn't need to know that).

The murderer took out a gun, and shot the two surveillance cameras that were inspecting the room automatically. They took out the knife, and reached forward, and put it at my throat, other hand placing the gun in the holster.

Seeing my chance, I kned them between the legs, grabbed their knife and while they were down, I grabbed the gun in the holster quickly, before backing up. Keeping my eyes on the murderer, I rapidly fished my back-up phone out, calling the police.

"This is Theodore Josephs, I am at Freshfood's, and there is a murderer in front of me, and he, or she, I think a he, has killed one of my fellow employees. Please send backup, please." Keeping the phone on, I froze when a knife appeared at my neck, a deep voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Smart boy here. Listen. The police will arrive within 5 minutes, so we have to depart. The man murdered is Justin Bister, he was killed because he broke the hearts of many young girls, two of them being my sisters. So why not break his heart with a knife physically rather than emotionally? After all, physical can heal, whilst emotions will always be remembered. He broke over 30 hearts, so have fun finding me." Grabbing the phone from me, he sliced my throat, the last I heard was "You were at the wrong place, at the wrong time. You'll be healed, though the ambulance might want to hurry if you want to live." I heard him closing my phone, before all I knew was darkness.

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Chapter 1 by Ricky Adams

The last thing I heard was

The light began to fade away before I knew it was all over

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TJ woke up in a bed with muffled sheets beneath his body, he slowly opened his eyes to the emergency room.

"You almost died back there." a voice peered over his shoulders, "It's a miracle you're alive.

He moved his hands towards his neck.

"No, no, you must relax." The man put TJ's hands on the bed gently.

His vision was blurred and cloudy as he failed to recognize the man's face.

"See, I told you'd heal."

TJ's heart began to beat like a wild horse as his vision cleared and he saw his face. He felt his blood rush through his veins and began to gasp but made a quiet groan as his throat was in the worst possible condition, TJ was unable to speak.

"He's here to kill me isn't he? What have I done?! Do I deserve this?" TJ wondered in his mind.

Why was he here?

Chapter 5 by Lizabeth Sche



"I know who did this to you, T.J.", stated the doctor? I didn't know why the murderer was now so clean and professional. I squirmed with panicked. I wildly looked around and wondered at the nurses. They seemed to think this 'doctor' was legit. "Now, now. You must be in shock. Here." A kindly nurse gave me a colored drink from a small plastic cup. She held it and I ingested the liquid. The man who looked so much like my attacker, was talking, explaining away. I half-heartedly listened. I was getting sleepy. That must have been meds, I drank. He was a twin, he said. I passed out again.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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